

THE CHRISTIAN SUN

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1844 1892

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH."

VOLUME XLV.

RALEIGH, N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1892.

NUMBER 10

The Christian Sun.

The Organ of the General Convention of the Christian Church.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety the only test of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgment, and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

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To-morrow every fault is to be amended, but that to-morrow never comes.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

There are not good things enough in life to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty.—*Madame Sweet-chine.*

A wide-spreading, hopeful, disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears.—*T. B. Aldrich.*

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and leave contentedly.

Death has nothing terrible which life has not made so. A faithful Christian life is the best preparation for eternity.

To rejoice in the happiness of others is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.—*James.*

I hate oratory. I come down as low as I can. High-flying and fine language seems to me wicked when souls are perishing.—*Charles H. Spurgeon.*

In Heathendom every true convert becomes at once a missionary. The changed life, shining out amid the surrounding darkness, is a Gospel in largest capitals which all can read.—*The Rev John G. Paton.*

The materialism of our day is obscuring man's view of his own destiny. A godless zeal for philanthropy, as well as a life of vicious indulgence, may cause us to forget our native greatness.—*Central Presbyterian.*

With the same height of desire thou hast sinned, with the like depth of sorrow thou must repent. Thou that hast sinned today, defer not thy repentance till to-morrow. He that hath promised pardon to thy repentance hath not promised life till thou repent.—*Quarles.*

Beware of unbelief, and do not suspect the Lord's kindness; but seek him, and hope in him, and expect all good things from him, assuring thyself that neither thy hope, nor a single sigh, will be lost. The Lord supplieth all thy wants, and leaveth thee nothing to be desired but himself.—*Bogatzky.*

The whole plan of God as revealed in the Gospel is founded on the fact of sin as a condition of man, and of a sin which needs to be forgiven, and from the power of which the soul needs to be cleansed. The gospel purports to be a remedy for sin, and offers its merciful relief to sinners. Christ died for them, the just for the unjust, that he might bring them to God.—*Er.*

Into the political arena God wants to send men like Jeremiah, who will not, in the love of politics, forsake the love of God, but who will act upon the faith that all the powers of the legislature are given by God for the reproducing in our human society of the spirit of Jesus Christ.—*From Jeremiah; The Young Man as Prophet. The Rev. C. Silvester Horne in "The Young Man," London. February.*

When the Holy Spirit enters the soul, Heaven enters with him. The heart is compared to a temple. God never enters without his attendants. Repentance cleanses the house, faith provides for the house; watchfulness, like the porter, takes care of it; prayer is a lively messenger, learns what is wanted, and then goes for it; faith tells him where to go, and he never goes in vain; joy is the musician of this temple, tuning to the praises of God and the Lamb.—*Rowland Hill.*

Here is a tangle for you to straighten out. The man who wrote the article may not know how to spell, but he does know what tobacco does for folks. I wish every one of my boys would write this out, spelling all the words correctly, and "do the sum" to see if the answer, \$1,338.54, is correct. CAPTAIN MARY.

I have of late got at sum stubborn fax and figgers. 2 siggars a day, costing oonly a nikkle each, for 20 years at 1st Site appears to Bee a smol matter. Let us figger the cost 10 sents daly for 365 daze reeches the sum ov \$36.50. We will not rekoun interrist the first year, but the interrist on \$36 50 for 19 years at 6 purr sent is \$73.92, and the Tottle ov

prinsippel and interrist at 6 Pur sent, kompondid yeerly, at the end ov 20 yeers maiks the neet little Sum ov \$1,338.54. That izzn't a grate eel but it wud Bi 200 barrils ov good flower, and in Sum sekshuns ov the kuntry wuld maik wun the owner ov a good farm, with houce, barn, wel, sisstern, froot treeze and wood-lut on it, possibly a jurzy cow and sum Uther nikhax throne into the bargin. But my expeeryunce has tot me that fax and figgers prodoose but a Slite impresshun on wun who has fully dedided to maik bacon ov his Branes bi turning his mouth into a smook-houce. He commudy prefurs the hi and eggzaltid privvylige ov bloin smook thru hiz noze to having emy uther ertihly pozeshun.—*Senter Shot.*

The population of Europe may be set down in round numbers as 350,000,000, and is divided religiously about as follows: Roman Catholics, 169,000; Protestants, 90,000,000; members of Oriental churches, 85,000,000; and about 5,000,000 each of Jews and Mohammedans. Italy with 31,000,000 as well as Spain and Portugal with 25,000,000, are almost wholly Catholic. Belgium with 6,000,000 is papal about twelve to one. In France, out of 39,000,000 less than a million are Protestants. Austria contains some 37,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 12,000,000 are non-Catholic. In Switzerland nearly two-thirds of the 3,000,000, accept the Reformed faith. The German empire hold 30,250,000 Protestants, in a total of 48,000,000. Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Netherlands, with a combined population of 13,500,000, are almost solid against the papacy; the latter being overwhelmingly Presbyterian, and the others Lutheran. Great Britain and Ireland are Protestants by 29,620,000. Of the Catholics 1,370,000 are found in England and Wales, and but 330,000 in Scotland. In Ireland are found 1,155,000 Protestants and about 4,000,000 Catholics. Russia and Greece have a population of 100,000,000 of which two-thirds belong to the Greek Church. Mohammedans comprise about one-half of Turkey's 5,000,000.—*Selected.*

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The Proper Uses of Christian Wealth.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

By some it is held that a rich Christian is an anomaly, little short of a monstrosity, an excrescence upon Christianity, and not a natural, wholesome growth. This view is not ours. The love of money is indeed the root of all evil, and "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

The blessing of the Lord sometimes maketh rich in the literal sense of the words. Abraham and Job were thus made rich. The only charge made by Jesus against the rich was against those who were "rich toward themselves and not toward God." The Apostles recognized distinctions between the rich and the poor: "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, and the rich [brother] in that he is made low." The Sermon on the Mount, like the Apostles, tells men not to trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God. But in the discharge of their duty riches may come; hence the Apostolic rule is, every one shall give "as the Lord hath prospered him."

The Christian rule is for men to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." If God gives him only poverty, the disciple must not murmur nor impeach the wisdom or faithfulness of God. If neither poverty nor riches but food convenient for him be sent, he has reason for great thankfulness. If riches increase, he is not to set his heart upon them, but use them properly.

Whatever may be thought of this view it is indisputable that many Christians now possess wealth. Some have inherited fortunes; others have become rich by the increase of property. Such are farmers and others holding real estate by inheritance and by purchase in the outskirts of cities, or which have become sites of towns or cities; the "unearned increment" has made them rich while they waked and while they slept. Such are those upon whose lands, originally of low value, mines of coal, iron, silver, lead, copper, may have been found, or wells of oil and fountains of gas opened. Others have accumulated wealth in their professions as lawyers, physicians, inventors, occasionally journalists, authors; still others beginning as humble mechanics have become manufacturers, employing thousands of men and receiving princely incomes from a small profit upon the labor of each. In a similar way traders have become merchant princes, clerks have developed into great bankers.

To the carrying on of the business in which these men are engaged much surplus wealth is necessary, as a security against changes in the value of raw material, a decline in demand, the effect of competition with the whole world, and as a means of employing those who depend upon the business for a livelihood in times of depression.

All these are stewards of God. This wealth belongs to Him. He gave the strength, capacity for wisdom and environment; what men call fortune Christians must call Providence, whereby all these accumulations were made possible. Stewards or agents of men have fixed salaries and receive direct instructions from their principals as to the management of the interests committed to their care; but stewards of God are left to determine by the precepts which he has given how they should live, and by the exercise of their own judgment what use they shall make of what they do not deem necessary or lawful to expend for their subsistence and comfort.

The error of this age is that Christians, like others, fancy that a man's life consisteth in the abundance of the things which he possesseth, and that he is under no responsibility for their use. This error leads men who, in their baptismal vows, "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them," to build great palaces, give great entertainments, and erect monuments of earthly pride. Whereas God asserts his primary ownership: "For she did not know that I gave her corn and wine and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold. . . . Therefore will I return, and take away my corn in the time thereof, and my wine, in the season thereof, and will recover my wool and my flax."

The duty, therefore, of the Christian is to reflect how he can use his wealth to promote the kingdom of Christ. His family must be cared for in a proper manner, so as not to rob them of the stimulus to a useful life, or to leave them in danger of actual poverty. His mode of life should be marked by a generous use of the bounties which God has bestowed upon him, but ever being on guard against the insidious sophisms of self-love, he shows how he can make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, so that the use of his wealth like his prayers and honest deeds, may increase his blessedness when he shall die in the Lord, and rest from his labors.

The maintenance of the institutions of true religion is first in the order of

importance. But it is not the duty of the Christian who possesses wealth so to concentrate it upon a local church as to take from other members the opportunity and the necessity of bearing their portion of the burden. Under ordinary circumstances endowed churches and immense gifts from one or two individuals are not useful in proportion to the amount thus given. In establishing the Gospel in neglected districts, and maintaining mission work where the indigenous resources are not adequate, such gifts wisely applied are among the most effective means of promoting the glory of God through the highest welfare of men.

Education presents a field to which now there is a fashionable tendency, and institutions to promote it are among the noblest exhibitions of Christian philanthropy which adorn the present age. Not the least among them is the recent attempt to give to all classes the opportunity of acquiring manual training, which had been taken from the sons of the poor by the abolition of the apprentice system, and the restrictions imposed by trades unions.

I would direct the attention of those interested in such considerations to a kind of beneficence which has these excellent characteristics; it is most certainly needed, its effects are invariably good, it is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ. Its best illustrations are seen in hospitals, orphanages, and homes for the aged.

That the sick and the wounded should be tenderly cared for, and if possible restored to health, there can be no question. That the fearless and motherless should find in Christian training and affection the substitute for paternal and maternal care is a direct conclusion from the very existence of Christianity; that the aged, whose steps halt feebly to the tomb, who are deprived of the capacities of usefulness and of enjoyment, should be honored for their gray hairs, and comforted in their "age and feebleness extreme" is self-evident. Let the untutored Indian, whose life depends upon physical strength, and whose resources are few, lead out into the forest his decrepit ancestors to die, but let not the Christian allow virtuous age to beg its bread. In this he should do good unto all men as he has opportunity, especially unto them that be of the household of faith.

No return in the support of a hospital is to be expected, except from a few patients who avail themselves of its superior facilities in particular cases. The great majority are like the man whom the good Samaritan relieved, recipients without being able to repay.

Orphans may indeed and often do

remember, when they prosper, the homes which benevolence gave them; but not many of them, debarred as they are the support which comes from connection with prosperous families in the enterprises of life, attain considerable wealth. The aged already far along in the retrograde changes the end of which is death, must receive the last gratuity when they are unconscious of it, as their eyes are closed and their bodies decently interred by those who have ministered to their helplessness.

It would seem, therefore, that those who are in doubt what to do with their wealth might well resolve that doubt by selecting from these three classes for which the state does not and cannot make adequate provision, the Hospital, the Orphanage, the Home for the Aged, a suitable object for the appropriation as agents and stewards, of a portion of the at present uninvested treasures left by divine Providence on deposit with them.

The Church In Its Relation to Moral Questions.

Many good men deny the right of the church in her legislative capacity to single out any moral evil, and by special enactment impose a penalty on her members for the violation of a specification which involves moral turpitude. The argument is thus put: "The liquor traffic is only one vice, though it be, but not more destructive to human happiness than covetousness, gambling and lechery. We are not to single out one and wear out our strength by fighting in detail. The Saviour was surrounded by like evil, but he never appealed to Cæsar. The church of Jesus Christ was never intended to become a political machine 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but unto God the things that are God's.'"

It is conceded that when the state in its wisdom passes laws for the suppression of vice in its multitudinous forms, there is no necessity for the church to be specific, because a church member who wilfully violates a criminal law of the state is guilty of immorality without any specification. The moral turpitude may be greater for the violation of one class of laws than another. There is certainly more wrong in the violation of that class of criminal laws that aim to suppress those things which are an evil of themselves, than that class which are merely prohibited evils. The church need not specify in either case. But suppose the state should directly authorize the committal of a moral evil, must the church be silent and refuse to enact laws for the protection of her own

purity? Not by antagonizing the state, but simply forbidding our members indulging in the forbidden vice or immorality. There are two memorable occasions in the life of our Saviour which illustrate the question at issue. In the 19th chapter of Matthew, 7th, 8th and 9th verses, the Saviour did not hesitate to antagonize a law of the state, and directly comes in conflict with this assumption that He in no case came in conflict with Cæsar. Why this conflict? Simply because the law authorized an evil that intimately affected the purity of the individual members of His church. Now note the different attitude assumed on the other occasion. The question of giving tribute to Cæsar involved no moral evil, and was simply a question of the right of the state to collect revenue. This was the exclusive business of Cæsar and involved no question of morality and the duty of obedience became imperative. Now, in the light of these two specific instances of the declarations of our Saviour, let us examine the position assumed that the church must not single out specific vices, but deal only in generalities. The first vice mentioned is covetousness. Now a covetous desire which does not manifest itself in a violation of law, can not be legislated against either in church or state, but suppose it manifests itself by theft, which the civil law forbids, then no specification needs be made by the church, because of a violation of the criminal law of the state, but suppose the state panders to this vice and authorizes the establishment of a huge lottery scheme which demoralizes her citizens, will it be said that the church can not protect her own purity by disciplining her own members from engaging in or encouraging the spread of this great evil, productive of so much corruption, and this without regard to the fact that political parties are arrayed on either side of the question?

Specification, gambling. Now all the states have laws against this vice, hence there is no necessity of any specific law of the church on the subject, but suppose the state by direct authority authorize pool selling or gambling in futures in the price of produce, will it be contended that the church must be silent and not protest against the inimical influence of the law?

Third specification, lechery. The state as a rule passes laws against the evil practices comprehended in this word, and hence no need of church specifications. But suppose the state should authorize the license of polygamy and the social evil, will it be contended that the church can-

not protect herself by imposing a prohibition on her members?

In view of these suggestions let us look at the question of the license by the state of the liquor traffic, *admitted to be a monster vice.*

The writer of this article at the last General Conference offered an amendment to our church law subjecting members to a trial for immorality who signed petitions asking the state to grant license for saloons, or in doing any other act encouraging the granting of license for this monster vice. It was opposed as specific, and defeated on the ground that it was an appeal to Cæsar. In the present attitude of the state toward the liquor traffic, it is difficult to conceive how such a law could be partisan in its character, or an appeal to Cæsar. Why? Simply because the state in such a case, has chosen to cast the responsibility of the license on the individual citizen. Then, if the granting of the license is a moral wrong and productive of so much evil, surely the church can forbid her members from engaging in that which is corrupting to the individual member and destruction to the welfare of the state. By this act the church does not antagonize any law of the state, but maintains her own purity. How otherwise can the church keep pure and eventually act in the season that shall purify both church and state. The attitude of the church must be far above any and all partisan political influences, without reference to the fact that political parties approve or disapprove of her deliverances on a question when it threatens to involve the state in irretrievable ruin and the church in great loss.—*T. Shackelford, in St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

Dialogue Between Uncle Jerry, Eulalia and Abner.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

EULALIA. Uncle Jerry, I should think from your explanation of the origin of the Christian Sabbath, or the adoption of the first day of the week as such, makes that day more remarkable and the resurrection of Christ of more importance than I had imagined.

UNCLE JERRY. Yes, the day that gave birth to such a stupendous event as the resurrection of Jesus is indeed wonderful, and it chronicles a doctrine, the importance of which we cannot comprehend. Its momentous value to the immortal soul and its future destiny is beyond the reach of finite minds to estimate.

ABNER. I had no idea that the resurrection of Jesus on Sunday was

what made that day so glorious—so sacred and dear to every devout worshiper. And I was not aware that the resurrection of Jesus was such an important doctrine.

U. J. Yes, the resurrection of Jesus is indeed fundamental, it is the keystone of all other Christian doctrines. It holds them all together. Without this all would fall to the ground. Even "David," long years before "spoke of the resurrection of Christ." Acts 2:31. Paul made the resurrection of Jesus the grand theme of his sermons. He preached "*Jesus and the resurrection.*" Acts 17:18. The great burden of his desire was to know *Jesus fully* and the *power of his resurrection*, and that he might "by any means attain unto the resurrection of the dead" Phil. 3:10-11. He based his immortality and hope of bliss in Heaven upon the truth of Christ's resurrection." In warning his Corinthian brethren against erroneous doctrines he says: 1 Cor. 15:12-19, "Now if Christ be preached that he arose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen: and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then, they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

The apostle Peter also makes the resurrection of Jesus the chief act in his plan of salvation. 1 Peter 3:21, "And the resurrection of Jesus is a most sweet and comforting doctrine. It is the glorious assurance to every believer's heart that the dark and dreary grave, so repulsive to human nature, is not the prison of the soul. Neither will the mortal body sleep in the dust forever."

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Until the trumpets joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise."

Jesus then is the first fruits of the resurrection. 1 Cor. 15:23. As surely then as Jesus arose from the dead on the first day morning, so we, "Christ's at his coming," shall arise from the grave in the resurrection morn. At the trumpets awful blast, the graves shall give up their dead, and the sea shall give up its dead. And then our corruptible bodies shall in a moment "in the twinkling of an eye be changed into incorruptible bodies—transformed into the image

and likeness of Jesus. For "we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." And friends and loved ones long separated shall meet on that glad morning and "we'll know each other there."

E. We have much enjoyed your explanation of the design and benefits of the resurrection of Jesus. Now we would like, Uncle Jerry, to know how came the first day of the week to be established as a day of religious, or public worship?

U. J. The Lord of glory Himself first set the precedent, or instituted it a day of public worship. And if he who is "head of all things to the church," has set apart as a day of worship, who can question his authority, or the propriety of the change? His disciples in the evening of that memorable first day, were in an upper room, when Jesus suddenly appeared in their midst, and said, "Peace be unto you." He then opened their understanding of things in which they were in doubt and which was mysterious, so that their minds were enlightened upon scriptures concerning Him, how it behooved Him (Christ) to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day, that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. He then commissions His disciples to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And said "as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." And when he had said this, He breathed on them, and said unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." So that on that first day, and first religious services in which He was leader and actor, he expounded his own everlasting gospel. His disciples were chosen as evangelists, divinely set apart and consecrated to the sacred calling of ministers of Christ.

A. Uncle Jerry, did the Apostles and primitive Christians immediately follow the example of Jesus in devoting this day, the first day of the week, Sunday, exclusively as a day of worship?

U. J. Yes, primitive Christians began immediately to devote the first day of the week, Sunday, as a day for public worship, or God's service. We read in Acts. 20:7, of a very interesting and profitable meeting at Troas. "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and he continued his speech until midnight."

And the Apostle and all the primitive Christian seemed by general understanding to meet on Sunday or first day, as by divine appointment for religious worship. The loving

disciple John, although in exile—banished by the wicked emperor Domitian, on account of his religious faith, to the lonely, desolate Island of Patmos, in the Aegean sea, where there was no earthly friend to comfort, and no human voice to greet his ear, he remembered that holy day, and was engaged in delightful service, Jesus was with Him and he was “in the Spirit on the Lord’s day.” Rev. 1:10. He no doubt looked towards his Zion with longing eyes, remembered those delightful seasons of worship with his brethren. And though far away from home and friends in his religious exercises, he had sweet communion with God, his soul was in ecstasy, he was “in the spirit on the Lord’s day.”

Christ’s followers in apostolic times not only observed Sunday as the Sabbath, the day of divine worship, but their immediate successors, did the same, as the testimony of Eusebius, one of the Christian fathers as early as the fourth century clearly corroborates. He says that from the beginning the Christians assembled on the first day of the week, called by them the Lord’s day, for the purpose of religious worship.” And Justin Martyr, another one of the fathers who lived 165 years after Christ, says that “on the Lord’s day all Christians in the city, or country, met together, because that is the day of our Lord’s resurrection.” We would then join with the poet and say:

“This is the day that the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
To day he rose and left the dead,
And satan’s empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.”

UNCLE ZEB.

[To be continued.]

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.”

Notes From Japan.

This winter has been, taking it as a whole, rather colder than usual. From Ichinoseki a few days ago came reports that it was snowing daily and getting deeper and deeper; also from the late earthquake district news comes that in some parts the snow is so deep that it covers the temporary built huts; truly these dear people have many trials. There is little doubt but that many of them will not see the end of the winter.

One writer says, “one of the greatest needs in the earthquake district is money to enable store-keepers to recommence business.” How they are going to get enough is a mystery to

myself and possibly many more. For many of these people are exceedingly bad about paying back. There are 4 or 5 Japs who owe me small sums but to get it seems out of the question. While some are strait-forward as any people, many of them are without principle when it touches the money question. Were it not for this, possibly money would be easy for them to get. As one proof of the above, money lenders, as a rule, charge very high interest; no doubt, to secure themselves to a great extent against their many losses.

Now coming to that which is nearer to our hearts even the cause of Christ; not much can be said at present, what with just now, great political excitement and the re-action which has interrupted Christian work during the last two or three years, it makes Christian labors very difficult. Some think it is all right and a firm work has commenced; this we trust is indeed so, and are much inclined to think so ourselves. The one and two are coming in, and satan cannot overthrow the work of God. Work in Japan has come to be similar to that in other heathen countries—a hard work, a patient work and needs untiring persevering efforts. We need not wonder at it for a people as quick to take hold of something as these have shown themselves to be, are also ready upon reverses and disappointments to return to their old ways, or adopt other new methods and let such as Christianity, which is as a thing on the surface, fall back as a something we must be on our guard about, while many others despise it altogether with all other religions whether new to them or old. Let us however, work and pray.

D. F. JONES.

Romanism and Paganism.

In China the people believe that they are heard for their much speaking, and that the desired blessing will be in proportion to the number of times a prayer is repeated.

This is strikingly illustrated in Italy every day and everywhere. The true idea of prayer seems to have disappeared almost entirely, and instead we find a vain repetition of words, a mere lip-service, the heart being often far away, occupied with other thoughts and feelings, the words of Isaiah being strictly fulfilled in their case. One needs only to enter any Catholic church in this country to be convinced of this fact. To many a protestant the sight is a strange one.

Looking around upon the worshippers he observes that lips are moving rapidly, but eyes are often wandering here and there, many are

supplied with a string of beads, each bead representing a prayer. Bowed before some altar or image, these beads are slowly counted, and the required number of prayers repeated, the object often being to get through as many as possible in the shortest possible time. Some are hoping to quiet a troubled conscience.

Others doubtless sincerely believe that this is the true and acceptable way to worship God, and rise from their knees with a feeling of satisfaction and relief when their routine of prayers has been recited. On the 25th of March some of the more devout ones repeat an Ave Maria one thousand times, having been assured by the priests that such an act of devotion will certainly be the means of bringing down a great blessing from Mary.

Under many an image and before many an altar the popes have caused to be placed inscriptions promising special blessings to those who will repeat many prayers before said images and altars. The reward is usually so many days of indulgence, or the curtailing of one’s stay in purgatory. Many poor deluded ones dreading the flames of purgatory and earnestly desiring to remain therein as brief a time as possible, patiently and often painfully repeat many prayers, blindly trusting in this false teaching of the church.

Poor souls! they have never been told that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and that nothing else can purify and save the soul.

The people have been gradually led back into the pagan idea and practice of using vain repetitions. They have come to believe that they will be heard for their much speaking, and that they are daily acquiring special merit by the merely mechanical performance of this sacred duty and highest of privileges. The great majority seem to be utter strangers to the idea that God is a loving Father, and that it is our sweet privilege to come to Him as needy children, and freely make known every want, assured that He will answer according to His wisdom and with a view to our highest good.

Prayer is no longer the filial expression of the heart’s deepest need, but a kind of penance to appease an angry God.

Several times after having prayed with some private family I have been struck with the remarks of certain Catholics present who had never before heard an informal spontaneous prayer, coming from the heart and suggested by the circumstances.

An expression of genuine satisfaction mingled, however, with surprise, was plainly written on the face and not unfrequently I have seen tears glistening in the eyes. In spite of

false teaching and practice they can but feel the power of true prayer, and some at least are quick to recognize the inferiority of their own unsatisfactory method of prayer.

In China there are many local deities, whose influence is limited to some particular place or profession. In their own special province, however, they are supposed to have great power, and are worshipped and adored by the people.

It may seem strange to some, and perhaps incredible to others, to be told that we have something very much like this in Italy, so nearly the same that it might almost have been borrowed from China, the author of the one being the author of the other evil. Here, each city has a patron saint, who has a special jurisdiction over that place. Altars, shrines and statues are erected to his memory, and in nearly every house, and at many street corners, images or pictures of him are to be found.

Before these the people offer their prayers and supplications, confidently expecting that they will be heard and rewarded. Often the people look to this saint far more than to God. Many confidently believe that the destiny of their town or city is in his hands. Over other places he claims no authority, but in his own province he reigns supreme, and often is the real God of the people. Saint Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, is practically the God of that great city, with its six hundred thousand inhabitants more than half of whom cannot read.

Everywhere he is honored and worshipped as the presiding divinity of the place.

The Cathedral of Naples is dedicated to him. This Cathedral contains a wonderful little chapel, which cost over a million dollars, and this also is dedicated to the “Divine Januarius.” It was erected in consequence of a vow made to Saint Januarius during the plague of 1527, it being understood that if he would stop the plague, the people would build the chapel.

Many wonderful things are related concerning this saint. Three of the great annual festivals of Naples are on occasion of the so called liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, which blood the priests profess to have in a small vial.

This miraculous liquefaction takes place three times a year, that the people may have an undeniable demonstration of the fact that their patron saint is still alive and jealously guarding the interests of the city.

If this so called miracle fails to take place at the appointed time, many of the people become nervous and anxious, fearing that something has happened to displease St. Janu-

arius, and that he may thus refuse to hear their prayers, and avert the evils that are liable to befall them at any time. What a power this is in the hands of the priests, and how easy to abuse it!

I was present once just after the blood had liquefied, and as I looked upon the great multitude of people crowding the Cathedral, and saw how eagerly they pushed their way to the altar in order to kiss the bottle which held the sacred blood, I could easily imagine myself in a pagan city and present at some great heathen festival.

I felt how dangerous it would be to interfere with that ceremony, and I realized more than ever the position that St. Januarius occupied in the sight of the people. Years ago, when Garibaldi, the Joshua of Italy, who was ever working for her unification and freedom, entered Naples with the hope of wresting the city from her foreign rulers, the Arch-bishop of Naples, who favored the Bourbon government, announced to the people that St. Januarius was greatly displeased at the presence of Garibaldi and his soldiers in the city, for the blood would not liquefy at the appointed time. Hearing of this, and knowing how disastrous it might prove to his cause, Garibaldi quietly sent a messenger to the Arch-bishop to say to him that if the blood were not liquefied within twenty-four hours, he would burn the Cathedral to the ground. It is needless to say that the miracle (?) was soon performed and announced to the people, who little suspected the real cause. Every profession has its patron saint, and there are also saints for the various diseases.

I once asked a carriage driver, who was the happy possessor of several horses, if he ever prayed, and he at once replied, "Why, of course I do; I never think of going to bed without asking saint Antonio to take care of my horses." And the poor man seemed to be perfectly sincere in his belief that only St. Antonio could do it. If one has toothache, he looks to saint Apollonia, and if he is threatened with some special eye trouble, he turns in his distress to saint Lucia.

The church is constantly adding to the already long list of saints, and the result can only be to darken and confuse the mind of the people and draw their hearts away from the one true source of blessing, comfort and peace.—J. H. Eager, in *Baltimore Baptist*.

Centennial Year of The Christian Church.

One hundred years ago the Christian church was organized, and for about 75 years she did comparatively little, for missions, but since that time she has taken an advanced step. With her heaven born principles and doctrines, she ought to with great haste, go in to the four quarters of the earth. She has assumed an awful

responsibility, viz: in taking for her mission, the "union of all Christians and the reformation of the world." What she is to do must be done quickly. We thank God for a James O'Kelly, but we have not time to honor him, for God has no doubt honored him with a mansion in heaven, therefore let us honor our Lord Jesus during this Centennial year by making heavier sacrifices than we ever did in any year of the past. As president of board on foreign missions south, I sincerely request that each church raise double the amount asked for by the several Conferences for said cause. Young men and women of the Christian church can't you give at least one dollar for foreign missions this year? Make an honest effort and God will bless you.

P. T. KLAPP.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Promise of a New Heart.

EZEKIEL 35:15-38.

GOLDEN TEXT—A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.—*Ezek. 36:26.*

"Then will I sprinkle clean water, etc." It was an old Mosaic law that required this sprinkling to be performed upon the unclean. There was no virtue in the act itself, but it was a symbol of the spiritual purifying which always took place with the sprinkling when the person upon whom the sprinkling was performed had faith.

"A new heart, etc." These people had been severely punished for the sins they had committed in the past. They had been hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Babylonians, and had undergone much suffering. These adversities had brought them to their senses again, and caused them to turn once more to God. Hence, God's promises to them. They were to be cleansed. They were to be given new hearts. They were to receive the spirit of the true and living God within their breasts.

"And ye shall dwell." The land from which they had been forcibly taken was to be restored to them. It had become desolate, but it should be like the Garden of Eden. Plenty should abound, both in grains, fruits, etc., and in happiness and pleasure. Sin will make even the ground sterile and unfruitful. It caused famines to spread abroad in olden times; it causes much distress in these days. He who rules over all, takes various means in punishing the wicked.

"Then shall ye remember." We have all read the story of the boy

and nail post. Every time the boy did wrong, his father drove a nail into a post. Every time he did right, his father drew one out. At last all the nails were drawn out, but the boy lamented the fact that the nail prints were still there. Thus it is with sin. We may be forgiven but the priests are still there to awaken our remembrance and make us ashamed.

It was not on account of any good thing which the Jews had done that God proposed to restore them to their former happiness, but it was his own love for them. They were his chosen people. They were the race through whom all the nations of the earth were to be blest, and it was the carrying out of the plan of salvation that brought about this restoration.

HERBERT SCHOLZ

My Boyhood Pastor.

After I was eight years old, my pastor was a Congregationalist, and for many years, I lived in his family. He was an old man, respected and beloved by the people generally. I commenced going to his meetings 71 years ago. He occupied a large house of worship, and had a large congregation. His sermons were said to be very "deep", but what impressed my mind the most, was their great length. They averaged one and one half hours in length, and his long prayers rarely fell short of 30 minutes, and the congregation had to stand during prayer. He was pastor of this church over 50 years. I didn't understand much of his preaching. I remember distinctly, that he taught that, "God ordains whatsoever comes to pass," and that "all who are saved, were elected before the foundation of the world," and that "no man can possibly fall from grace," and that "no infants are saved unless they were elected from all eternity."

I heard no other doctrine till I was out of my "teens." He had an hour's recess between the two sermons. During that hour, the pastor remained in the pulpit; but the congregation, with very few exceptions, went to a grog shop a few rods from the church, and "figured up." That was many years before the prohibitory law was enacted. All changed now, thank the good Lord.

When I became a man in years, and became acquainted with the Methodist ministers, I was taught a different theology, and was led to renounce the theology taught me in my boyhood.

For fifty-two and one-half years, I have believed and preached a free and full salvation.

Thank God that all may come to Jesus, and none will be turned empty away.

What a change has come over the New England churches in the last 70 years!

You don't hear Calvinism being preached in any evangelical pulpit. An old fashioned Calvinist preacher could not be supported. The people have had "the light turned on," so that they can see more clearly than in former years.

Thank God for the light.

H. M. EATON.

Middleboro, Mass.

Cause of Hard Times.

The *State Chronicle* says: An intelligent and very successful farmer was asked by the *Chronicle*, "How are times?" and replied: The same as usual. Always plenty of work to do and plenty of bread and meat to eat. Pure hard down laziness is the cause of hard times. I say without the fear of contradiction that the average laborer does not work four full faithful months in the year. If I have choice of the average laborer in this country or a monkey as to working when I am away from home, I will take the monkey. He will not destroy anything.

When the war ended there were scraps of property left, and the owners of that property have hired irresponsible labor, gone to town, smoked cigars; idle labor at home and fast living in town has ruined them. More than any one thing that has contributed to the depression, is idleness. I am going to have a good crop year this year. The reason is, I have cleaned out my ditches, made manure, hauled off my ditch banks, cleared up my hedge-rows, hired but little labor and all I ask to make a good crop is health."

These trite remarks are applicable to the Sox and answer the many questions asked us. We reprint from the *Raleigh Christian Advocate*:

"We are sometimes asked if we could not reduce the price of the *Advocate* to \$1.50 a year. The *New York Advocate* says: 'We are often asked to put the price of *The Christian Advocate* below \$2.50. Some say make it \$1.50, some say \$2. Certain religious papers have done this without financial profit and to their great embarrassment. To put *The Christian Advocate* at \$2 would at one blow strike off more than \$25,000 of its receipts. * * * One of the best papers of another denomination under our eye tried this experiment, and no increase has come from it.' Wouldn't it be silly in us to try an experiment that has been tried time and again and failed? It has been clearly demonstrated, time and again by actual experiment, that a first class religious paper cannot be published at less than \$2.00 a year. Why should we try it and involve the paper in financial ruin?"

Why Has Not the Christian Church Grown Faster.

SECOND PAPER.

"The very nature of its principles has rendered it unfavorable to strong denominational growth."

By a denomination in the strictest sense is meant an organization which distinguishes itself from the remainder of God's people by a peculiar name and by principles which can consistently include only a part of the followers of Christ. For instance, the Presbyterian church was designed (originally) only for those who believed in the peculiar tenets of Calvin; the Episcopal only for those who believe in episcopacy and apostolic succession; the Baptist, only for those who believe in exclusive immersion and communion at the hands of a Baptist minister. These bodies will not, nor can they consistently, include all the redeemed.

If this view of a denomination be correct the Christian church cannot be considered a denomination in the strictest sense. It has no name to distinguish it from the remainder of God's people. It simply weareth name by which all of his children are distinguished from the world—the name Christian. It is not designed for a part of the Christian world, but for every child of God. It claims no superiority over any, but meets all on common ground, recognizes them as brethren in Christ, and extends to them the right hand of fellowship.

The whole philosophy of the Christian church can be summed up in this, the oneness of God's people. It is contained in every principle advocated by this body and manifested in the lives of all its true adherents.

This idea is indicated by the name they wear. In this they express no desire of separation from the remainder of God's people. They did not adopt a new and peculiar name to mark them as a separate body. The peculiarity is that they refused to adopt any name at all, and simply wore the one already given and adopted—given by God and adopted by all his followers in every age of the church. This is the name that God's people—Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, etc.—have ever been proud to wear when they wished to distinguish themselves from the unregenerate world. Only when they wished to be separate and distinct from the rest of God's people have other names been called into existence. As a people, we have never desired that separation and distinction, so no name has ever been chosen to express it.

The same idea is further indicated by their leader. They recognize

Christ as their only head. In this also they express no desire for separation or distinction. Others acknowledge Christ as the head and follow him as well as they. The difference is this: The Christian church thinks it sufficient to follow Christ alone and recognize him only as the head. In addition to this they would be termed the followers of some individual, as Luther, or Calvin, or Wesley. Any true adherent of the Christian church would scorn the idea of being called the follower of any man under heaven; yet we would join with others in doing homage to the names of these great men. We feel that they are as much ours as theirs. They claim them by virtue of their relation to them as Lutherans, Calvinists or Wesleyans. We claim them by virtue of our relation to them as the children of God. By this virtue all things are ours. Paul declared to Christ's followers at Corinth "All things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

This same central idea is also seen in "our rule of faith and practice." We take the Bible, they the creed. The Bible is the fountain as it bubbles up fresh and pure from mother earth. The creed in a stream flowing from it. All desire the same pure life-giving water, but we drink from the fountain, they from the stream. We from the fountain because it is broad and deep; they from the stream because it is narrow and shallow. For this same narrowness and shallowness we reject the stream; for this same breadth and depth they reject the fountain. In this they are separated from us, and we from them. They can drink with us; but we cannot drink with them, for the stream may have become impure. A stream often does especially after it has gotten some distance from its fountain. It may be artificially obstructed and become stagnated, or it may imbibe impurities from the soil and vegetation with which it comes in contact. Besides several streams can and often do flow from the same fountain and one drink from one another from another. Therefore it is not only inexpedient for us to drink with them, but an actual impossibility.

Not only are the principles of the Christian church unfavorable to strong denominational growth, but in each one there is contained a germ, the perfect development of which, would forever obliterate the last denominational distinction. Its ambition is not conquest. It neither hopes to absorb nor desires to overthrow any religious body. How could it when it recognizes them as

brethren and members of that family of whom Christ is the head? Its pretensions are humble and its mission peculiar. It is simply the little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump. This done it may in the vicissitudes of human events pass away and be forgotten, but its principles can never die. They are truth, and truth is imperishable and indestructible. "The eternal years of God are hers."

N. G. NEWMAN.

* On * Zion's Walls.

Watchman, what of the night?
Watchman, what of the night?—
Isa. xxi. 11.

Lift up your eyes and look on
the fields; for they are white al-
ready to harvest.—John iv. 35.

Walk about Zion, **** Mark ye
well her bulwarks, **** that ye
may tell it to generations follow-
ing.—Ps. xlviii. 12, 13.

Windsor, Va.

If we spent as much time in prayer—fervent, earnest, prayer upon our sermons as we do in their literary preparation, they would be heard with double interest, and be more powerful in winning souls to Jesus. There is often a great lack of prayerful preparation in our sermons, and for that reason they are wanting in winsomeness. Men are not moved to duty, are not brought nearer to Jesus, are not deeply nor profoundly impressed by the prayerless sermon. We feel sometimes, after a week of hard study in preparing one and two sermons, disappointed because the efforts we made did not have the desired effect upon the hearers. Prayer and work must go together. If the preacher is a working man, a studying man, and above all, a prayerful man—he will be a powerful man. And that divine power which he gets in his closet with God, and in his study, will be seen and felt. An eminent preacher was once asked why it was, that the people continued weeping during your preaching and you seemed not to be moved to tears? He replied, "I did my weeping in the preparation of the sermon—I wept yesterday." There may not often be tears in our eyes, but if we are earnest, there will be genuine tears in the voice.

How gladly do we enjoy the refreshing air, and the cooling draught of water. How delighted we are to enter a warm comfortable room after being in the cold. How pleasant do we feel after the hot dusty air of summer has been cooled by welcome showers. How gloriously, beautiful and lovely do the glittering rays of the spring sun beam upon the fields and woods, swelling the buds, springing the grass, opening the flowers; kissing the waters, and then sending light and heat freely to the whole animated creation on this dark, cold globe. Se when we enter our study—enter our place for prayer and work, throw open the door to our poor needy souls, and let the Saviour in; let the Son of Righteousness in. We will take a new fresh growth in sermon making, and when we come to preach to the people, it will be in demonstration of the spirit and with power—having been anointed with an unction from the Holy One. Let us put on the whole armor, and be ready and willing to do our best work for God. The remaining time we have let us spend it to the glory of God, and for the good of humanity.

Economy and industry are twin sisters—so closely connected you cannot separate them without injury. There are many who are industrious, smart, hard workers—they have the ability to accumulate fast, but what they get does not stay with them long. There is a speedy separation by mutual consent. They do not seem to appreciate or place much value upon their earnings or income. Every thing they see they want, they get as far as possible, until after a time they are not able to get much they do want. Many persons to-day are living beyond their means—far beyond their income; whereas a little economy, some industry, a good share of intelligent forethought would have regulated the whole matter, and placed them on the road to success and prosperity. We learn to think sometimes when it is too late. We may have studied political economy, may be able to comprehend the subject in all its bearings, and then never practice it. Theory is good, indispensable, but practice in this as in other things is what is needed. Some lessons in economy, domestic and political, would help many of us, more especially if we studied them with an intelligent understanding. To understand our duty, and then do it with Christian manliness is indeed a grand privilege. How can any one teach and preach domestic and political economy, or either one of them, if you please, when he does not practice them? How can one smoke and chew tobacco to an intolerable extent, then preach against the use of tobacco? What argumen-

tative weight would his reasoning have? How many would he cause to stop using it? How can a man be called of God to preach the everlasting gospel, preach from the words, "Owe no man anything," urging people to pay their debts, and at the same time fail to meet his own personal obligations? Let us as ministers study our business, and try to keep it right. Some of us may have neglected our duty, but let us in future ask the Lord to help us, and lead us in the way of duty.

J. T. KITCHEN.

The Raleigh Church.

DEAR BRO. CLEMENTS:—Knowing that a large number of our people are interested in the Raleigh church, I give you a few items which I hope will be interesting as well as encouraging.

Our Christmas entertainment had its desired effect. The announcement drew a housefull of people and all pronounced it a success; a number of those who witnessed the exercises have been frequent visitors since Christmas. The entertainment worked well for our Sunday school—having been the special influence to bring us a number of good scholars. Our school now enrolls fifty-six—with an average attendance of thirty-five.

The weather has been rather unfavorable for church going since Christmas. I have received three members this year—two in January and one in February. I am working to receive members each month this year, I like a steady growth. Last Sunday one hundred people attended our church services, and thirty-six our Sunday school. We have preaching seven times per month; prayer meeting every Wednesday night; Sunday school at 9:30 Sunday morning. *We are very hopeful.* Reader pray specially for our cause in Raleigh.

Yours fraternally,

JAS. L. FOSTER.

Raleigh, N. C., March 9, 1892.

Elon College Notes.

You never did see students so anxious to get the mail as ours here have been for the last few days. Quite a number pledged themselves to raise \$5.00 and some \$10.00, for completing the chapel. Friends in all parts were solicited forthwith by letter. Many have responded—some favorable, others unfavorable. Doubtless some of our friends at a distance did not know that they had so many friends at Elon. In fact one reply at least brought the amusing intelligence that every student at Elon College had written him begging him for money recently. But however, these things may have themselves, there are two facts which appear evident. First, the students are in-

terested in the work; and, second, the work is very likely to be done, and the chapel finished before commencement. Let us hope it will any way. If there was ever a long felt need at Elon, it is the fitting up of the chapel.

Last Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 27th and 28th, the church service here were very interesting. The members were received, communion service was held and Mr. W. J. Laine, was licensed for the ministry. Mr. Laine is a devoted and earnest worker, and we wish, as well as predict, for him a successful future.

Our Zion needs more laborers consecrated and devoted, to proclaim the rich truth of the Gospel to a sin-stricken world. Surely the harvest is ripe and the laborers are few. The writer becomes more and more strongly impressed with the belief that what the Christian church needs to make it rank among the foremost denomination, of the country is for its principles and doctrines to be made known in an intelligent light to the people. Its ideas and principles cannot help but convince since they are founded on God's truth and supported by His divine Word—the Bible.

Miss Lorena Long with her accustomed grace and dignity, reviewed current events for us Saturday morning. Each Saturday morning it is endeavored, on the part of the faculty, to have some one review the happenings of interest during the past week, for the school.

One event to which especial attention was called last Saturday morning was the life and the death of Ex-Governor Holden, of North Carolina. This aged Ex-Governor passed quietly away at his home in Raleigh last week. Surely a good man has been called from the trials of this life to the joys and comforts of another. The life of this man represents a grand and living principle in human history which is frequently lost sight of or rather seldom noted. Gov. Holden had at one time, I suppose, more enemies—and those of the bitterest nature—than any man in the state. He was impeached as governor and disfranchised as a citizen. From 1871 till the present he has been living, with the penalties of the law binding upon him, a quiet, honest and upright man, powerful in intellect, wonderful in ability, graceful in prose and sweet in verse, yet in later years at least he has not wielded these to further his own cause or promote self, but devoted himself with all humility, to a quiet, peaceful, Christian life. He has conquered his enemies by his silence, and outlived hatred and overcome malice by following the teachings of the gentle and humble Nazarene.

We have a class of eight young men at Elon who are studying Blackstone and the first principles of law with a view to entering the legal fraternity at a later date. They gave a "sham trial" in the college chapel Saturday p. m., which was amusing and interesting. Some of them have "legal grit and gift of gab" and will

doubtless be lawyers sure enough some day.

J. O. ATKINSON.

Mar. 5, 1892.

Liquor and Lotteries.

A State can declare breweries, distilleries and saloons, nuisances and abate them by proceedings in equity where the defendant cannot have a jury trial."

Notwithstanding Justice Field, dissented from this opinion, subsequently in the case of John Christensen against the chief of police of San Francisco where a judgment was obtained against the chief in the United States District Court of California for having arrested the saloon keeper for selling liquors without license. The case was appealed to the Supreme court. Justice Field, delivering the opinion of the court, said:

"It is urged that as the liquors are used as a beverage, and the injury following them, if taken in excess, is voluntarily inflicted and is confined to the party offending, their sale should be without restrictions, the contention being that what a man shall drink, equally with what he shall eat, is not properly a matter for legislation.

"There is in this position an assumption of fact which does not exist, that when the liquors are taken in excess the injuries are confined to the party offending. The injury, it is true, falls first upon him in his health, which the habit undermines; in his morals, which it weakens; and in his self-abasement, which it creates. But as it leads to neglect of business and waste of property and general demoralization it effects those who are immediately connected with and dependent upon him. By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dram shop, where intoxicating liquors, in small quantities, to be drunk at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every state show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source. The sale of such liquors in this way has, therefore, been, at all times by the courts of every state, considered as the proper subject of legislative regulation. Not only may a license be exacted from the keeper of the saloon before a glass of his liquors can thus be disposed of but restriction may be imposed as to the class of persons to whom they may be sold, and the hours of the day, and the days of the week on which the saloons may be opened. Their sale in that form

may be absolutely prohibited. It is a question of public expediency, and public morality, and not of federal law. The police power of the state is fully competent to regulate the business, to mitigate its evils or to suppress it entirely. There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail: it is not a privilege of a citizen of a state or of a citizen of the United States.

As it is a business attended with danger to the community, it may, as already said, be entirely prohibited, or be permitted under such conditions as will limit to the utmost its evils. The manner and extent of the regulation rest in the discretion of the governing authority. That authority may vest in such officers as it may deem proper of passing upon applications for permission to carry it on and to issue licenses for that purpose. It is a matter of legislative will only. As in many other cases the officers may not always exercise the power conferred upon them with wisdom or justice to the parties affected. But that is a matter which does not affect the authority of the state, or one which can be brought under the cognizance of the courts of the United States."

From those discussions it is evident that if the states and government would pass prohibition laws as stringent as those in the lottery cases, the courts would stand by the action of the governments, and this great evil would soon be destroyed.

In the Kentucky legislature, now in session, the severest law in its effects has been introduced, and has passed the senate on the lottery question. It renders infamous and forever disbars one from office, who sells, offers to sell, buys or uses a ticket; besides this it places a fine of not less than five hundred dollars, and not more than five thousand, and confinement in the penitentiary.

This law will certainly put a stop to lotteries—now if Kentucky would enact such a law against intoxicating liquors, to saloon, and manufacturer, how long would they live? The states of the Union are coming up to the point on lotteries, and if they would act as energetically on the liquor question, the matter would be settled in a very short time. What is the duty all Christians and good citizens in the premises? To rise in their might and demand of Congress a law that the revenue on liquor stop, the mails should not transmit advertisements, nor papers containing them. Under heavy penalty, as in the lottery cases, the states should come to the rescue in this matter as they have done in those of the lotteries, and in twelve months the thing would be almost as dead as lotteries. Why I ask should the people be so anxious about the morals of the people in a business that made nobody drunk, killed no one, sent no one to prison—and yet stand by and see the most gigantic cause of crime and death ever known to man, conducted under the auspices of government, state and national. How inconsistent, how wicked, how damaging to the country, how sinful in the eye of God! How long, O Lord, how long? —Religious Herald.

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1892.

REV. W. C. CLEMENTS, - - - EDITOR.
D. J. MOOD, - - - OFFICE MANAGER.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Have you renewed your subscription yet?

* *

Rev. P. T. Klapp reports his work in good condition.

* *

Rev. C. C. Peel is pushing his work at Burlington.

* *

Many thanks to Rev. W. T. Hernon for subscribers sent to the SUN.

* *

Prof. J. H. Moring is teaching vocal music in Rev. J. W. Wellon's field of labor. They are both excellent brethren.

* *

We intend to correct our mailing list next week, and many who are in arrears will be dropped unless we hear from them.

* *

N. G. Newman's second paper on Why Has Not the Christian Church Grown Faster? will be found on page 128. Read it carefully.

* *

Your special attention is called to the article—Centennial Year of the Christian Church—on page 127 by Rev. P. T. Klapp, and then do as requested.

* *

The *Nashville Christian Advocate* comes now to this office clothed in a beautiful cover. Bro. Hoss gives us one of the best papers that is our pleasure to read.

* *

The types got things a little mixed in the last issue of the SUN. They made Bro. McCloud say \$16 000, for \$16.00. In an editorial, on "Sin Lieth at Door," the word *sick* was used for *rich*.

* *

Rev. C. T. Bailey, D. D., editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, was stricken with a paralysis last Sunday, in the pulpit of the Third Baptist church of this city, just as he was pronouncing the benediction. His many friends will be pained to receive this intelligence. Dr. Bailey is a strong writer and has made the *Recorder* a good paper. He and family have our prayers in this sore affliction.

Be Ye Separate.

There are two kingdoms in this world. One earthly and the other spiritual. The earthly looks to this world for happiness; the spiritual looks to Heaven for enjoyment. The government of the first centers in this life, and finely develops into everlasting punishment. The fountain head of the second is located in God, and sends out a stream of increasing happiness throughout eternity. As long as the two kingdoms are kept separate, they stand as contraries, one black with sin, and the other crystalized with the brightness of God.

But when the member of the church commences trying to unite the two, saying that he is following Christ, but showing by his conduct that he is serving the powers of darkness, the spiritual stream in his soul, if any, is so beclouded, that all the beauties of the religion he professes, is hid in the quagmires of sin.

But one says how can we be separate from the world while we are in the world? We answer by refusing to walk in the counsel of the ungodly or engaging in the sinful acts of the world.

Pleasure in the Little Ones.

Sometimes the little ones jump, hollo, fret and cry. Papa and mamma think when the little ones are larger they will give greater pleasure. But grand papa and grand mamma say, "ah! You see pleasure with your children now. They may step on your toes now; but that is not like stepping on the heart, which they may do when grown." But papa and mamma have an idea, that they will see more pleasure with the children when they are grown. A few years pass by, and Will's merry whistle driving up the cows is heard no more; Susie's clear call for the hens and chickens is hushed; John's hearty laugh has given place to silence, the cry of Tom with the cut finger has been borne away on the winds forever, and the sweet cooing of baby from the little crib, making mamma's room ring with joy is numbered with the things of the past. Happy days were these! And now papa and mamma realize that what grand papa and grand mamma said was true. How they long to see Will and John with their marbles in the yard again, or riding the old horse to water; How pleasant it would be to see Susie and Mary again in the old play house made of broken boards and shivered planks, talking to their dolls, and feeding them from the pieces of bark, glass and earthen-ware!

A change, a great change has taken place. The olive branch is broken. Will is in a far off city, John is some where on the railroad, Tom is ten miles off on a farm, Susie is at college, and the sweet little baby sleeps beneath the green turf in the church yard. Now at breakfast the table looks like it is deserted, at night the room is too large, and it is necessary to make the garden smaller.

But papa and mamma in their meditations often turn to a brighter picture. They expect the death angel to come sometime and carry them up to the God of all grace. And then they will look out to see Will coming up from the city of earth to the New Jerusalem, and John darting up on the heavenly railroad where the cars are fired up by the Holy Spirit, and Tom leaving the farm fruits to eat those growing in the paradise of God, and Susie learning lessons in mansions prepared by her Redeemer, and the sweet little baby with angles harp joining in the chorus of redemption's song. Then the olive branch will be united forever more.

Young men and young ladies do not forget papa and mamma whom you have left at home; for they remember you all through the day, and during many hours at night. Yes often at midnight's dark hour they take up the language of the poet, and say:

When shining stars their vigils keep,
And all the world is hushed in sleep,
'Tis then I breathe this pray'r so deep,
God bless my boy to night.

God bless my boy, oh, bless my boy,
And keep his foot-steps right.
God bless my boy, oh, bless my boy,
God save my boy tonight.

I know not where his head may lie,
Perchance beneath the Sky:
But this I ween, God's watchful eye
Can see my boy to-night."

A Visit to Catawba Springs.

Last Saturday evening on John, the horse that has, possibly, seen more of Wake county than any other horse in it, we started to Catawba Springs, Wake county, N. C. A ride of about eight miles brought us to deacon Jesse Winborne's. It is always a pleasure to go to uncle Jesse's. We found him not at home; but sister Winborne and Miss Molly Kelly were there. A good supper enjoyed—and here comes uncle Jesse with some birds; for he had been hunting. Conversation is enjoyed until late in the night and then a nice bed and comfortable room, and we are in dreamland.

Morning comes, breakfast is enjoyed, and the church is reached. Here we find Bro. George McCullers, the efficient superintendent of the Sunday school, just ready to put his forces to work. They have a

good Sunday school; and it is said that Bro. McCullers knows how to push it forward. He wants some one to answer this important question: Is it wrong for deacons of a church to attend Sunday school; and, if not, why do they not attend? We hope some one will answer this question for Bro. McCullers, and we will say in advance, if a deacon does not attend Sunday school our opinion is that he is destitute of some of the elements necessary to make a good deacon. At the church it was quite a pleasure to meet so many of our old friends; among them the Sorrells, the Langstons, the Rowlands, the Frankses, the Councils and the Stephens. But we did not meet our old friend, Elias Langston. He is one of the oldest members of the church. We met also Revs. W. H. Roach, pastor of the church, and C. H. Rowland. These two brethren are doing a good work for the Lord. The congregation was large and attentive. The music was soul refreshing. How thankful we should be for such opportunities in Sunday school, prayer meeting and preaching services! In all these various services we should attend them, asking the guidance of the Spirit.

The church at Catawba Springs, formerly known as Pleasant Springs, is one of the oldest in the North Carolina and Virginia Conference, having been organized by Able Olive nearly a hundred years ago. Every brother and sister in this church ought to be praying and looking forward to some grand work to be done by it in its centennial year. But few churches, if any, are located in a better community than this one.

On Sunday, dinner was taken with Bro. J. D. Franks. He is the only living son of Rev. Anthony Franks. Here we spent a short while in interesting conversation. It is always a pleasure to visit this family. Miss Bettie Franks is in very bad health. Let prayers go up that the God of all grace may be her helper.

To Pastors and Deacons.

We want the pastors or deacons to send in to the SUN office promptly the death notices of their members who pass from this life to the other world. We often hear of the death of some members of the church, and would like to put it in the paper, but have not the particulars; therefore can not do it. We heard a while back of the death of Bro. James Johnson at Christian Chapel, and Bro. John Dickens at Zion, but have not got the particulars in either case. These were two very old brethren, and among the best members of the church to be found any where.

We knew brother Johnson personally, and possibly never knew a better man.

The Faithful Few.

That is a splendid story, told in the *Examiner* recently, of Spurgeon and his tabernacle. It is said that when he proposed to build his great house he met with violent opposition. He appointed a building committee of 30 men, and when they first met, Spurgeon said to them: "If any of you are afraid to undertake this work, get up and march through that door, and do not come back again." Thereupon ten arose and left. At the next meeting he told the 20 that they had had more time to reflect, and if any man of them was too timid to go into the work he would like for them to depart through that same door, and thereupon ten more gathered their hats and marched out. A third meeting was held and the imperturbable Spurgeon asked the ten, all that now remained, if any of them were faint-hearted, and ready to back out, and if so he wished them to go out at once. After a pause, three of the ten slipped out, and he was left with only seven. He asked them if they would not all go, but they declared that they were in for the work, and on their knees he and the remaining seven covenanted that they would stick together till the Tabernacle was built.

The twenty-three skulkers are no doubt forgotten before this. The courageous, heroic seven will be immortal. There are not very many true, gritty, determined, unflinching, brave-hearted, ever enduring and incorruptible men. Such stuff is rare indeed, but it is just such material as that, which does all the best work for the Lord, and Heaven itself is to be made up of such true and tried souls as these. All else is chaff.

We clip the above from the *Baltimore Baptist*, and heartily commend a careful study of it to every reader of the *SUN*. It teaches us again the same lesson taught by Gideon and his army. God blesses the work of brave praying men.

Flora Wicker.

Mrs. Flora Wicker; mother of Rev. J. D. Wicker, died at her home in Chatham county, N. C., Feb. 24, 1892. Her maiden name was McIver; possibly no name in our state is more favorably known than that of McIver. She was born Dec. 5, 1815. She was a member of the Presbyterian church at Buffalo about fifty years; but left it and joined the Christian church. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her. During her long connection with God's people she was a fruitful vine for usefulness, and righteousness. Bro. J. D. Wicker says, if he is worth anything to the

world, it is all due his dear mother whom he expects to meet in Heaven.

Oh, what a blessed thing to have good mothers. Often we do not appreciate these good mothers like we ought to do, while they are living. Always be kind to mother, she will not be with you much longer. It is mother that continues to cling to her boy after others have given him up.

Live so the Pastor can say Something Good of You.

At the funeral service, the pastor is often very much bothered. If he says nothing good, he thinks some relative will be mad; and nothing good can, truthfully, be said about the departed one. So after the services are over, it is possibly like pastor E. Hez Swem says in the following:

A certain woman evidently dislikes her pastor. Why? He would not speak falsehood at her husband's funeral service. The deceased was a member of the church, but would not attend the services. There was nothing good to say of him as a believer and the pastor was silent, and gave Bible truth to the living, hoping for their repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Our Hymnary.

Our Hymnary, or the New Hymn Book is an honor to the Christian church, and especially to the committee that worked so faithfully in getting it out. Surely our people will feel thankful for this beautiful book. The words are full of meaning, and the music excellent. It is true that both the words and music are more adapted to the church than the Sunday school. But the old spiritual tunes will be apt to stir up the old time religion.

Stand for the Right.

The bill in the Kentucky legislature appropriating \$100,000 to the World's Fair is upon the condition of closing the Fair on Sunday and the exclusion of liquors from the grounds. This is a noble step in the right direction. Now, let all Christian people fall in line, saying we will not visit the Fair, unless it is closed on Sunday, and bar rooms excluded.

PEN PICKINGS.

Many thanks to Revs. S. B. Klapp and J. D. Wicker for subscribers brought to the *SUN*.

Rev. R. H. Whitaker, D. D., editor of *The Spirit of the Age*, has been quite indisposed for several weeks; but, notwithstanding this, he has been giving the public a good paper.

We have received the catalogue of

Doles Institute, Worth county, Ga., which shows that Bro. A. P. Fuquay is doing a good work in his school. Always glad to know our school boys are doing well.

Historia, is a new and unique Monthly of historical facts arranged in interesting stories, designed to interest the young in the history of our country. Published by the Historia company, Chicago.

Bro. O. K. Proctor gives the North Carolina and Virginia Christian Conference a half acre of land in East Durham, upon which to build a house of worship for the Christians. It is one of the nicest locations in town.

Will those who subscribed, at Conference, to the support of the pastor of the Raleigh Christian church please send in their subscription as it is needed. Send the money to D. J. Mood, Raleigh, N. C., and he will receipt you.

Ex-Governor Holden of North Carolina died at his home in this city, March 2nd. He was more than an ordinary man. It is generally an acknowledged fact, that he was one of the best writers that ever filled an editorial chair in North Carolina.

Young men, are you able to take a drink of liquor or let it alone? Then prove it the next opportunity and see if it is as easy to let it alone as you think. No use to try and prove that you can take a drink, for we all can do that. To let it alone is where the shoe pinches.

Brethren and readers of the *SUN*, are you in arrears? Then renew your subscription. We need the money to meet the expenses of the office. Do not stop with your own subscription but ask your neighbor to subscribe and thus help to extend the circulation of our paper and our principles. We thank those who have come to our aid and hope they may be blessed in their further efforts.

The Hymn Books, or Hymnaries are going off very fast. Send in your orders. Be sure when sending orders to look at the advertisement, so you will see how much money to send and the quality of the book you want. Some have sent orders, and the money called for a better book than the order mentioned.

- No. 1. Cloth sides, leather back, red edges, each, \$1.00; per doz., express not prepaid, \$9.00.
- No. 2. Full leather, red edges, each, \$1.25; per doz., express not prepaid, \$12.00.
- No. 3. Full leather, gilt edges, each, \$1.50; per doz., express not prepaid, \$15.00.
- No. 4. Full morocco, flexible, each, \$3.00.

When ordering more than one copy give your nearest express office.

It is not necessary for us to say that we are squarely against mob law. Our position on that subject is already well known. We denounce it in Ohio or Tennessee or Texas. The recent burning of a negro man at Texarkana as a penalty for an unnamable offense, fills us with a sense of horror. What are we coming to? Are our courts good for nothing? Is law useless? Are we drifting back to barbarism? Awful as is the crime of which the negro in this case was guilty, there was no excuse for the action of the mob. In a perfectly lawful way, he could have been speedily tried and swiftly executed. In the name of civilization, in the name of humanity, in the name of God, we protest against such things. Our former utterances on this subject have lost us some subscribers. We should not change our course by a hair's breadth if 10,000 names were dropped to-morrow. The rule of the mob is anarchy.—*Christian Advocate*.

Unfinished.

Judge not Christianity, even by its most perfect embodiment in the life of its disciples here. The best are imperfect, and Christianity teaches this, and points to perfection as yonder. Do not judge the science of that organ-builder by that half finished instrument in his workshop; there is but little in that to please the eye, and from it scarce a note can be evolved to charm the ear. Judge not the artistic character of that painter by the first rough outline which you discover on the canvas in his studio; there is scarcely a touch of life in it, or any perceptible resemblance to the original. Judge the organ-builder by the instrument as it stands in the great cathedral, pouring forth by the touch of a master-musician, pealing strains of music, electrifying the congregated thousands. Judge the artist by the picture as hung up in the Academy of Art, looking, throbbing and blushing at you as a thing of life, gathering around it a crowd of admiring spectators. Even so judge Christianity. Its organ—the Christian life is not finished here in its workshop. Yonder, in the great cathedral of eternity, you will see it in perfection, and feel the inspiration of its harmonies. The painting is not half finished here in its studio; its figure is half formed and blotched, and scarcely a feature is accurate. See it in the great gallery of the Heavens, finished and an exact copy of the Son of God Himself, "Who is the image of the Father's glory."—*Dr. Thomas*.

We have two ears and one tongue, that we should hear much and say little.—*Zen*.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

Have any of you found Aunt J.'s answer yet? If you have not I want you to go to work and let her see that you are not lazy. You know God don't want us to be lazy. Only two letters this week! How strange when so many have said they wanted to see the Corner bright and full of letters. Are you going to make it bright? You can—I can't. I will do my part if you will do yours. Now then children, what are you going to do about it? I tell you what to do—go to a little trouble and work a little for our cause. It won't take much work for you to keep things lively in the Corner. Dear children, we have worked together nearly a year and I love you all dearly, although I have seen only a few of you. I hope to meet you all sometime.

You will be surprised at the small number who have answered questions during the past three months. I want a longer list next time. Here is our

ROLL OF INQUISITIVE COUSINS.

Allie Gibson,.....	6
Myrtie Daughtry,.....	5
Naomi Eley,.....	2
Margaret Etheredge,.....	2
Bessie Staley,.....	1

You see in this list all who have answered questions are enrolled with the number of questions answered. Let's improve on it during the coming quarter.

Yours in Christian love,
UNCLE TANGLE.

HOWAKER, Va., Feb 29, 1892.

DEAR UNCLE TANGLE:—This is my second attempt to write for the Corner. As my first letter did not find the way to the waste basket I felt encouraged to write again, but have waited a long time to do so. I am so young you must not expect a letter from me often. I think I am the youngest member of the Band, but mamma says not two young to be engaged in such a good cause. I know my letters and am beginning to spell. I enclose half dime for the BAND.

Your little niece,
INEZ KENDRICK.

Inez, you may depend on it we are glad you have written again. I hope you will soon be so you can read and write nicely. We enjoy your letters—write again.

HOLY NECK, Va., Feb. 29th, 1892.

DEAR UNCLE TANGLE:—I see there is but one letter in the last week's

SUN. I imagine the little cousins are like I have been in the past, neglectful in our duty. It has been some time since I have written to the BAND but will try and write oftener. I have been going to Sabbath School. We have had a full School all the winter. I am 10 years old and a member of Holy Neck. I want all of the little cousins to pray for me. I am sorry to say Brother Hurley's health is no better but he has kept up his regular appointments so far. I am going to school to Miss Kate Sledg. I like her splendidly, she has been teaching for us two years and we hope we can get her the third. Enclosed find one dime for the BAND. With much love for you and the cousins.

Your little nephew.

HARVEY HOLLAND.

Harvey, we want you to quit being so neglectful hereafter. You will, won't you? and write oftener. Do all you can for your Sunday school.

What Happened in Miss Crashaw's Tale.

"Who is Bbobie?" inquired Miss Anastasia.

"He's my little brother, and he's sick. He's begged me for oranges all day, and I couldn't bear to go home to-night and tell him I hadn't got none for him."

The black eyes grew very soft.

"Why did you bring the orange back? Why didn't you carry it to Robbie?" asked Miss Anastasia, after a slight pause.

"I felt somehow as if mother was lookin' at me," replied the little newsboy in a low tone. Miss Anastasia peered out into the silent street, and then looked at him again.

"Where is your mother?" she asked.

"In Heaven," answered the child. "She died six months ago."

Miss Anastasia started a little. Her face flushed and her eyes filled. "You thought that perhaps she was watching you, and that she would be sorry, did you?" she asked very gently.

"Yes," replied Tim, "and I couldn't make mother feel bad—not even for little Boh." She told me to take good care of him, but when I felt that orange in my hand I knowed she'd never want me to take care of him in that way."

"Where is your father?" inquired Miss Anastasia.

"Guess he's dead, too. I don't remember ever seein' him 'round. There's nobody but Robbie, and me, and we've had it awful hard since he's been sick. We've missed mother more nor ever."

Miss Anastasia's heart went out to the lonely, burdened child in an irrepressible burst of tenderness, and she

put her arms around the ragged little figure and kissed the troubled face. It was not a perfectly clean face, but Miss Anastasia did not notice that. She saw only the great, wistful eyes, the pale, thin cheeks, and sorrowful droop of the childish mouth. For a moment Tim seemed overcome with amazement. Then he burst into tears.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Miss Anastasia. "What is the matter with the child? I haven't hurt your feelings, have I?"

"Oh, no!" sobbed Tim. "But nobody hain't kissed me since mother died. Nobody hain't minded 'bout Bobbie and me, and I didn't think nobody ever would again."

"You poor, lonesome little thing!" cried Miss Anastasia. Then she drew him to her and kissed him again. "Dear little Tim," she said after a moment, "you and Robbie are not all alone. Some One watches over you and loves you better than your mother did."

"Yes, I know," said Tim. "Mother told us. She said God would look after us sure."

"He saw you this afternoon," said Miss Anastasia, very gravely.

"Yes, mother told us," responded Tim as before; "but I didn't allus think of that. Mother seems nigher to me, somehow."

"I know," nodded Miss Anastasia. "You little children are not very different from some of us big ones. Now," she said briskly, beginning to bustle about the little shop, "when do you go home? I suppose you must distribute those papers first?"

"Yes," replied Tim. "It will be an hour or two before I can go home."

"Well, come back here when you are ready, and I will go with you to see Robbie."

Tim was off in an instant, shouting: "Evening Democrat!" before his feet had fairly touched the sidewalk.

Just as the town clock was striking seven Miss Anastasia entered the room that Tim and Robbie called home. What she saw there made her sick at heart. She went to the bed where the patient little sufferer lay, and took one of his hot hands in hers, but she dared not trust herself to speak. "It is of no use to try to improve matters," she said to herself, looking around the wretched room. "One must have something to begin on, and, except the stove and the bedstead, there is nothing here but dirt and rags." But a second glance at the wasted little face on the pillow made Miss Anastasia feel that matters must be improved, and at once,

"Tim," she said, "you must be messenger-boy this evening. I want ever so many things from the shop.

I will tell you just what to say to Isable Crane, and she will give you the things."

The eager boy could hardly wait for the necessary instructions, and he was soon hastening to the shop as fast as his tired legs could carry him.

The first thing that Miss Anastasia did was to prepare an orange for Robbie, who ate it with a delight that was pathetic. Then she peeped into the cupboard. Even the proverbial crust was missing. Miss Anastasia wiped the empty shelves and placed upon them the various articles of food which she had brought with her. By that time Tim had arrived with his first installment of goods, and Miss Anastasia went to work with an energy that astonished her young spectators. At the close of the evening she surveyed her surroundings with something akin to satisfaction. Dirt and rags had disappeared as by magic, and a wood fire burned briskly in the tiny stove. Robbie had been bathed and dressed in a clean night-gown. Miss Anastasia's own fresh linen had been put on the bed, and Robbie's little fingers smoothed caressingly a soft, warm blanket. He was propped up in bed, the picture of blissful content, drinking slowly from the glass of milk which Tim held for him.

"What made you come here?" he asked, looking gratefully at his new friend.

"God thought of you, and sent me here to look after you," Miss Anastasia replied.

"Oh, Tim!" cried the child in a weak but joyous voice; "it's all come out just as mother said, hasn't it?"

"It would have come out mighty different if I hadn't remembered mother this afternoon," thought Tim, very soberly.

"And we'll never be left all alone again, will we?" continued Robbie, turning to Miss Anastasia.

"No, indeed—not if I can help it," was the emphatic answer.

The little newsboy said nothing, but his face was more eloquent than words. The heavy burden had been lifted from the young heart, for Tim knew that, at last, somebody in the great world "minded 'bout him and Robbie."—Interior.

Our Clubbing Rates.

We will send the CHRISTIAN SUN free twelve months to any one sending us eight new subscribers with \$16.00 in advance. We do not require them to be at the same office; but remember they must be new subscribers.

In sending money for the SUN, please always mention the office to which the paper is to be sent.

Baby's Walk.

Only beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go;
Little feet, how they patter,
Wandering to and fro.

Trying again so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee;
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard,
But mother—you'd hardly think so—
Understands every word.

Father of all, O guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill
road,
Braving the dust and heat!

Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in pathway blest,
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, O give them rest!

—Selected.

From Alabama.

As I hardly ever see any thing in the SUN from Alabama, I will write a few lines. I wish our preachers of the Georgia and Alabama Conference would write more; for I enjoy reading something from home as well as from abroad. It is cheering to me to see something from one of our Alabama preachers. I wish Bros. Dollar, Hunt, H. W. Elder and others could be stirred up, that they might write the church news from this conference.

Our pastor, Rev. W. Elder, filled his appointment at Antioch, Feb. 13 and 14, and I thought he preached two of the most soul cheering sermons I had heard in a long time. Our home missionary, Rev. J. D. Elder, preached the funeral of Sister Lucy Fincher, who died in the triumph of a living faith, Jan. 12th, last Sunday at 11 a. m. at Antioch where she was a consistent member; and at 3 p. m. he preached the funeral of Sister Cynthia Brown who died in December, 1891. She was a member of New Hope church. The funeral was preached at the Burdeth school house near her home where she fell asleep in the hope of eternal life.

W. J. PAYNE.

Double Head, Ala., Feb. 25, 1892.

"Somebody Else Might."

A lady was walking quietly along a city street not long ago when a door flew open and a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement he danced a sort of a double shuffle all around the curbstone, and then reached the street in great haste, for it was evident from the books under his arm that he was going to school. She was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys are, when just a few

yards before her she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer, she fancied it a pine shaving, and looked after the boy again. She saw him stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving he dived and picked it up, not a shaving at all, but a long, slimy banana-skin. Flinging it into a refuse-barrel, he only waited long enough to say, "Somebody else might have slipped on it," and was off again.

It was a little thing to do, but that one glance of the boy's clear gray eyes made the lady's heart warm toward the noisy fellow. He had not slipped himself; he was far past the danger, and when one is in a hurry it is a great bother to go over the same ground twice; but the "somebody else" might slip; so for the sake of this unknown somebody the hurrying boy came back, and it may be saved the life or limb of a feeble old man or a tender young child — *Angelus.*

A Suggestive Note.

N. C. Baptist: The saloons of Charlotte are still closed. The Commissioners have been summoned before Judge Bynum to show cause why they did not issue license to one of the recent applicants, but the case has not yet been tried. The opinion prevails among those competent to judge in such matters that Judge Bynum will sustain the position the Commissioners have taken in refusing to give their reason for rejecting applications. If he should order the Commissioners to grant the license asked for, it is understood they will appeal to the Supreme Court and that the saloons will remain closed pending the decision of that court. So Charlotte will remain dry for some time to come, at any rate. The belief is growing that prohibition has come to stay. The morning daily suggests that a Mayor's court room be dispensed with as such courts are becoming so rare as to make the expense of keeping up a room for them unnecessary. That suggestion is a commentary on prohibition.

Ignorance of the Bible.

One reason why so many busy men are not religious men in their lack of knowledge of the Scriptures. Business men are well informed on general topics. Talk with them in their countingroom, they can tell you much about civil law, they are well posted in politics, they have some general information in literature, while the science of business is a study in which they are always ready for an examination. But ask them

their views of religion, and how few have any well-defined ideas on the subject! Ask them of the Bible truth, and how few can give a reason for whatever of belief or disbelief they have!

This want of knowledge of the Bible on the part of men and women who on all other subject are well-informed, is the real cause of much error and unbelief. Here is a book which contains more general information than all the newspapers, and yet most business men pay more attention to their newspapers, than to the Bible. They know but little about the only book that can teach them religion. If they knew as little of mathematics, the science of business, the use of the arts and implements of industry, they could not get a living. Then is it strange, with their ignorance of the Bible, they should not get a Christian living?—*Selected.*

Qualifications of a Preacher.

First of all he should be a manly man. He should have that within him that would lift him to consciousness of a noble manhood. Allowing that God is that intelligent personality that we conceive him to be, we must admit that in seeking his preachers he chooses men who, as a rule, are men of such reputation and character. The preacher must be a partaker of the life he offers to his people. God has a process in saving souls, and all who would enter his kingdom must do so through the portal of his methods. This is accomplished through the intelligence of a man. God works by method.

A man to be a preacher must be more than a manly man. There are thousands of men who are as manly men as ever stood in the pulpit, and yet they have no right on the platform. God selects his preacher and makes known the fact to the person selected and to others, making the ministry a divine vocation. The prime essential is that the man should have a call. God's method in dealing with them as rational beings, and to reach them through the intellect. Hence the men who are called to do his work should be men who can present what they have to say in such form as to appeal to the intelligence of man. They must be able to understand the environment and circumstances of the people they address, and to know the obstructions that lie in the way of truth. It is the duty of the pulpit to reach the mind through all possible paths of knowledge.

No man can look into the great questions of religion intelligently that does not think of God through his works and manifestations, and it is the function of the preacher to pene-

trate as far as any other man into the mysteries of God. It is the business of the preacher to remove doubts from the minds of others, and to open up their minds to the reception of the truths of the gospel. The preacher must absorb all possible knowledge, so that, touch him where you may, you will find him electric with knowledge.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

Pray One For Another.

How often the servants of God are strengthened by the prayers of his people. Have you never known the help of the prayers of those who were far away from you? Have you not felt in the silence of the night new strength imparted to your soul? Have you not risen at the dawning of some day with a joy and courage unmet before? And has not the feeling forced itself upon you, "Some one is praying for me?" And can you not in your own experience recall times when your heart has been led forth in supplication for others, when you have poured out your soul to God for blessings upon those who were far away from you, and felt the consciousness that your prayers were answered, that God was listening to your petitions? O child of God, pray on! By the power of prevailing prayer you may touch the very springs of life and being; by your supplications you may call down blessings upon the heads of those whom you have never seen, and whom you may never be privileged to know; and while you commune with God and ask his blessing upon others, you gain boldness to come to him and seek the blessings which you yourself may need.

Men of might are men of prayer; men whom God honors are men who have access to the presence chamber of the King; men who have power with men in steadfast testimony have power with God in earnest supplication.

Have you proved the power of prayer? Have you proved it in your own case? Have you proved it in the case of friend? in the case of strangers? in every case where woe and want and suffering and anxiety seeks some source of blessing, to some place of refuge? The Lord is nigh to those who call upon him; and those whose hearts go out over land and sea in supplication and in prayer may be sure that their petitions, though they "flit between rough seas and stormy skies," shall yet come back, and bring the olive leaf of peace, and a comfort that shall make glad the weary heart.

O child of God, be instant, be earnest in prayer. Beware of the world's vanity and frivolity. Let fashion and its votaries stand aside, and see to it that day by day nothing deprives your soul of that sweet communion which is the Christian's privilege, that fellowship which you may have with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, and one with another — *Armory.*

Married to a Drunkard.

She suddenly rose in the meeting, and spoke as follows: "Married to a drunkard! Yes, I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls." We all turned and looked at her. She was a wan woman with dark, sad eyes, and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and oh, so happy! I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it—knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it, unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard, whether father, husband, brother or son. Girls, believe me when I tell you that to marry a drunkard, to love a drunkard, is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night—'bleached by sorrow,' as Marie Antionette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head, and upon my heart—ah! I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely girls and a boy." Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. He had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; the two little girls were in bed in the next room, while beyond was another room, into which I heard my husband go, as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror suddenly took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way, and the door flew open. Oh, the sight! The

terrible sight! she wailed out in a voice that haunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls; God grant you never may. My husband stood besides the bed, his eyes glaring with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. 'Take them away!' he screamed. 'The horrible things; they are crawling all over me, Take them away, I say!' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger I rushed up to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their life-blood, slain by their own father. For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side—the man who wrought me all this woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailing filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them he suddenly drew the knife across his throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased. Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face, and some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. So much sorrow, we thought, and through no fault of her own. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"Two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck; then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited on the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him, I said, 'Thank God; I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard;' and I went to my desolate home a childless woman, on one whom the hand of God has rested heavily.

"Girls, it is *you* I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine, do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! so much the worse for you; for, married to him, the greater will be your misery, because of your love. You will marry him and then reform him, so you say. Ah! a woman sadly overrates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no

match for the great demon Drink when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you, girls from the sorrows that wrecked my happiness, that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it and have a message to bear to every girl in England—never marry a drunkard!"

I can see her now, as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing and quivering with emotion, as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out, and we never saw her again. Her words, fitly spoken, were not without effect, and because of them there is one girl single now.—*English Railway Signal.*

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Our Crosses.

There is some one whose cross will be to present religion in the home circle. Would you dare to kneel down and pray, if your brother and sister were looking at you? Could you ask a blessing at the tea-table? Could you take the Bible and gather your family around you and read of Christ and heaven and your immortal soul? Could you then kneel and pray for a blessing on your household? "Oh!" you say, "not exactly that I could not quite do that, because I have a very quick temper, and if I professed religion and tried to talk religion in my household, and then after that I should lose my temper, they would scoff at me and say: 'You are a pretty Christian!'" So you are cowed down and their sarcasm keeps you out of heaven and away from Christ when under God you ought to take your whole family into the kingdom. Christ lifted a mountain, lifted a world for you; you cannot lift an ounce for him. I see how it is; you want to be favorable to religion, you like to be associated with those who love Jesus Christ; but as to taking a positive step on this subject, you cannot—you cannot, and Christ's words, like a gate of a hundred bolts, bars you away from peace on earth and glory in heaven.

There are hundreds of men and women here brave enough in other thing in life, who simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness, stay away from God. They dare not say, "Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take thee. Thou hast redeemed me by thy blood, here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends Listen, all the world." They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—they are lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of Christ; "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."—*Christian Herald*.

A Sermon on Push.

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation the boys always expected to have plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazelnuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it uphill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! Push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up, the cart

trundled as fast as rheumatism would let it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man. "You just wait a minute." And he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' It is just the word for a grand, clear morning.

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back. Push.

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might. Push!"

—*The Christian Commonwealth*.

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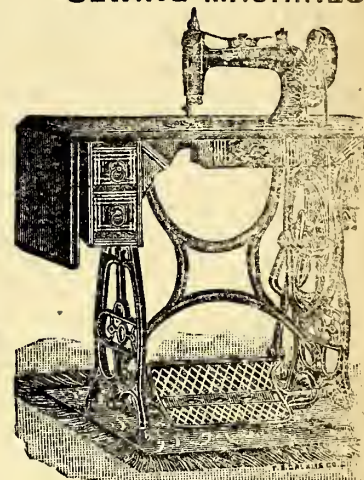
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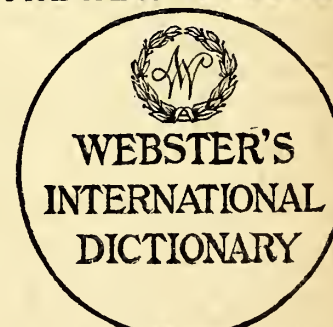
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—Christian Advocate.

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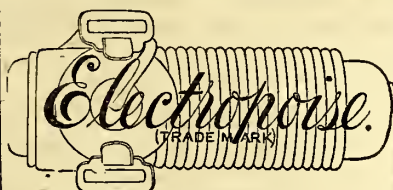
It was not a home or elegance, but it was a seat where happiness reigned, and now for five blessed years husband and wife had kept life's lights burning for each other. The house was snugly set back among the trees, and vines, laden with sweetness, ran up on the porch in front. It was my custom to drop in often as pastor. But of late, I had gone twice daily. The mother was sick; fever was burning out her life. In health, she was the handomest woman I ever saw, a veritable Eugenie of France, splendidly formed, and with a set of features whereon beauty sat enthroned. But when the fever was raging, and her cheeks were lighted and her eyes aflame, she seemed more beautiful still.

There was only one little child in the house, a darling little tot of four summers, who used often to meet me at the door, and talk in the weirdest, old-folky kind of way about her sick mamma. One day she said, "I think mamma dreams at night, and that makes her sick. She told me once I was sick because I dreamed about people with wings." Another day she said "I don't think mamma can be so well to-day." "Why do you think so, Elsie?" "Well, I was under the bed trying to keep still, and I heard her say, 'O God, I'm so tired,' and when I crawled out and took her hand, she just covered up her head."

The fatal day came at last. "Beant-y doth consume as a moth." The mother lay dead in the parlor. There was a sound of mourning upstairs, coming from a heart that was now left so lonely in the midst of the great world. When I opened the door, Elsie met me. Her demeanor was solemn, and I knew she had something to say. As I laid aside my hat she took my hand, and said, "The angels took my mamma last night. Did't they have any mammas and had to take mine?" As I looked in at the open door and saw the dear dead and then down at the darling little one who did not know that she had lost, my eyes filled, and Elsie said, "O, I didn't know preachers cried."

In the evening, just at sunset, we laid the dead away, and often, as I passed the home, I had a word for Elsie. One evening, as I hurried by the gate, she stopped me, and said, "I'm so lonesome. If mamma knew how lonesome I am, I think she would send for me."—Recorder.

Some men complain that God will have no mercy upon them, when really they have no mercy upon themselves.



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Burkeville	5 06	5 00
Keysville	5 44	5 44
Ar Danville	8 00	8 05
Greensboro	10 15	10 12

Lv Goldsboro	12 15 p. m.	*1 35 p. m.
Ar Raleigh	1 55	5 45
Lv Raleigh	*6 40 p. m.	*3 05 p. m.
Durham	7 44	5 07
Ar Greensboro	10 15	9 40
Lv Winston Salem	*8 40 p. m.	*8 50 a. m.
Lv Greensboro	*10 25 p. m.	*10 20 a. m.
Ar Salisbury	12 18 a. m.	11 57
Statesville	*1 52 a. m.	*1 09 p. m.
Asheville	6 55	5 59
Hot Springs	8 56	7 44
Lv Salisbury	*12 28 a. m.	*12 05 p. m.
Ar Charlotte	2 00	1 30
Spartanburg	5 00	4 27
Greenville	6 10	5 34
Atlanta	12 20 p. m.	11 45
Lv Charlotte	*2 10 a. m.	*1 50 p. m.
Ar Columbia	6 07	5 50
Augusta	9 30	0 15

NORTHBOUND	DAILY.	
	No 10	No 12.
Ar Augusta	*7 00 p. m.	*1 00 p. m.
Columbia	10 50	4 10
Ar Charlotte	3 05 a. m.	8 00
Lv Atlanta	*8 50 p. m.	*9 00 p.
Ar Charlotte	6 40	7 50
Lv Charlotte	7 00 a. m.	8 20 p. m.
Ar Salisbury	8 27	9 45
Lv Hot Springs	*5 22 p. m.	*12 19 a. m.
Asheville	2 40 a. m.	4 25
Statesville	7 07	9 7
Ar Salisbury	8 00	10 12
Lv Salisbury	*8 37 a. m.	*9 55 p. m.
Ar Greensboro	10 20	11 28 a. m.
Ar Winston Salem	*11 40 a. m.	*1 18 a. m.
Lv Greensboro	*10 30 a. m.	*12 01 a. m.
Ar Durham	12 32 p. m.	4 20
Raleigh	1 25	7 00
Lv Raleigh	*1 30 p. m.	*8 45 a. m.
Ar Goldsboro	3 05	12 28 p. m.
Lv Greensboro	*10 30 a. m.	*11 38 p. m.
Ar Danville	12 10 p. m.	1 10 a. m.
Keysville	2 52	4 15
Burkeville	3 36	4 57
Richmond	5 30	7 15

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p. m., Henderson 9 05 p. m., Durham 9 35
p. m., Raleigh 10 46 p. m. Returning leave
Raleigh 9 15 a. m., daily, Durham 10 25
a. m., Henderson, 10 05 a. m., Oxford 11 25 a.
m.; arrive Keysville 2 00 p. m., Richmond
5 30 p. m. Through coach between Rich-
mond and Raleigh.

Mixed train leaves Keysville daily ex-
cept Sunday 9 10 a. m.; arrives Durham
6 20 p. m. Leaves Durham 7 15 a. m. daily
except Sunday; arrives Oxford 9 10 a. m.
Leaves Durham 7 50 p. m. daily except
Sunday; arrives Keysville 2 10 a. m. Leaves
Oxford 3 00 a. m. daily except Sunday; ar-
rives Durham 5 00 a. m.

Additional trains leave Oxford daily ex-
cept Sunday 11 50 a. m.; arrive Henderson
12 45 p. m. Returning leave Henderson
6 30 and 9 40 p. m. daily except Sunday;
arrive Oxford 7 35 and 10 4 p. m.

Washington and Southwestern Vestib-
uled Limited operated between Wash-
ington and Atlanta daily, leaves Washing-
ton 11 00 p. m. Danville 5 50 a. m., Greens-
boro 7 10 a. m., Salisbury 8 28 a. m., Charlotte
9 45 a. m., arrives Atlanta 5 05 p. m. Re-
turning leave Atlanta 1 25 p. m., Char-
lotte 9 20 p. m., Salisbury 10 29 p. m., Greens-
boro 11 45 p. m.; arrives Danville 1 20 a. m.
Lynchburg 3 35 a. m., Washington 8 38 a. m.
Through Pullman Sleeper New York to
New Orleans also between Washington
and Memphis, via Atlanta and Birming-
ham.

No 9 leaving Goldsboro 12 15 p. m. and
Raleigh 6 40 p. m. daily, makes connection
at Durham with No 49, leaving at 7 50 p.
m. daily except Sunday for Oxford and
Keysville.

Nos 9 and 12 connect at Richmond from
and to West Point and Baltimore daily
except Sunday.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.

On trains 9 and 10, Pullman Buffet Sleep-
er between Atlanta and New York; be-
tween Danville and Augusta, and Greens-
boro (via Asheville) and Knoxville, Tenn.
On 11 and 12, Pullman Buffet Sleeper
between Richmond and Danville, Raleigh
and Greensboro, and Buffet Sleepers be-
tween New York, Washington and Knox-
ville via Danville, Salisbury, and Ashe-
ville, and Pullman Sleepers between
Washington and Augusta.

E. BERKLEY, W. A. TURK,
Sup. A. G. P. A.
RICHMOND, VA. CHARLOTTE, N. C.
W. H. GREEN, JAS. L. TAYLOR,
Gen'l Mgr, Gen. Pass. Agent,
ATLANTA, GA. ATLANTA, GA.
SOL. HAAS,
Traffic Manager,
ATLANTA, GA.

RALEIGH & GASTON RAIL-ROAD IN EFFECT SUNDAY, DEC. 1890.

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.

No. 34.	Pass.	No. 38.
Daily.	Pass. and Mail.	Daily Ex. Sunday.
Leave Raleigh,	5 00 p. m.	11 25 a. m.
Mill Brook,	5 15	11 41
Wake,	5 39	12 05
Franklinton,	6 01	12 26
Kittrell,	6 19	12 44
Henderson,	6 36	1 00
Warren Pines,	7 14	1 39
Macon,	7 22	1 40
Arrive Weldon,	8 30	2 45 p. m.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

No. 41	No. 45.
Leave Weldon,	12 15 p. m.
Macon,	1 13
Warren Pines,	1 20
Henderson,	2 22
Kittrell,	2 39
Franklinton,	2 56
Wake,	3 17
Mill Brook,	3 40
Arrive Raleigh,	3 55

Louisburg Road.

Leaves Louisburg at 7 35 a. m. 2 00 p.
m. Arrive at Franklinton at 8 10 a. m.,
2 52 p. m. Leave Franklinton at 12 30 p.
m., 6 05 p. m. Arrive at Lonsburg at 1 05
p. m., 6 40 p. m. JOHN C. WINDER, Gen'l
Manager. WM. SMITH, Superintendent.

RALEIGH & AUGUSTA AIR LINE R. R. IN EFFECT 9:00 A. M. DEC. 7, 1890.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 41	No. 45.
Pass. & Mail.	Freight & Pass.
Leave Raleigh	4 00 p. m.
Cary,	4 19
Merry Oaks,	4 54
Moneure,	5 05
Sanford,	5 28
Cameron,	5 54
S'th'n Pines,	6 21
Arrive Hamlet,	7 23
Leave	7 40
" Glho	7 49
Arrive Gibson	8 15

GOING NORTH.

No. 38.	No. 40.
Pass. & Mail.	Freight & Pass.
Leave Gibson,	7 00 a. m.
" Glho,	7 18
Arrive Hamlet,	7 38
Leave	8 00
S'th'n Pines,	8 58
Cameron,	9 26
Sanford,	9 52
Moneure,	10 16
Merry Oaks,	10 26
Cary,	11 01
Arrive Raleigh,	11 20 a. m.

Pittsboro Road.

Leave Pittsboro at 9 10 a. m., 4 00 p. m.,
arrive at Moneure at 9 55 a. m., 4 45 p. m.
Leave Moneure at 10 25 a. m., 5 10 p. m.,
arrive at Pittsboro at 11 10 a. m., 5 55 p. m.

Carthage Railroad.

Leave Carthage at 8 00 a. m., 3 45 p. m.,
arrive at Cameron at 8 35 a. m., 4 20 p. m.
Leave Cameron at 9 35 a. m., 6 00 p. m.,
arrive at Carthage at 10 10 a. m., 6 35 p. m.

Married.

At the home of the parents, near Burton's Grove church, Sussex county, Va., Feb. 2nd, 1892, by Rev. M. W. Butler, Mr. Tatem to Miss Denson.

In East Durham, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Mary King, by Rev. C. C. Peel, Mrs. Lida Sears to Mr. J. D. Kelly. Peace go with them in their relations.

At the residence of J. O. Atkins, Isle of Wight Co., Va., Feb. 24, at 4 p. m., Mr. W. T. Newman and Miss Fannie Atkins. May success and happiness attend them in their new and sacred relation

N. G. NEWMAN.

At the home of Mr. A. Barlow, Berlin, Southampton county, Va., by M. W. Butler, Feb. 16th, 1892, Mr. J. E. Brittle was united in marriage to Miss Nellie Price. A number of friends were present to witness the ceremony. Many kind wishes follow them.

At the residence of the bride's parents, near Sycamore Cross, Isle of Wight county, Virginia, Feb. 24, 1892, by M. W. Butler, Mr. J. G. Spivey to Miss Adelaide Barlow. After the ceremony they went to the home of the groom in Southampton county, followed by the kind wishes of many friends.

At Union Christian church, Surry county, Virginia, Jan. 28th, 1892, by M. W. Butler, Mr. S. T. Johnson to Miss Cotton. The bride and groom were becomingly attired. After the ceremony they drove some miles to the home of the groom's parents where a nice reception was given. Good wishes follow them.

Died.

In the morning of March 2, 1892, at the residence of Deacon B. F. Roberts, in Isle of Wight Co., Va., (which had been her home for more than 30 years) Miss JANE LAWRENCE passed peacefully to the home beyond, in her sixty-third year. The subject of this notice had long been a consistent member of Antioch Christian church, and an esteemed body in the circle of her friends and acquaintances. She had been declining in health for several years, and her last illness was long and painful. She bore up under her sufferings remarkably well, and met death without a fear, dying as peacefully as an infant goes to sleep on its mother's bosom. Her remains were laid away in the old family burying ground March 3, after funeral services by

the writer, a large concourse of people being in attendance.

J. PRESSLEY BARRETT.

Mrs. JULIA CERTAIN died near Sanford last Saturday morning, (27th) at 5:45. The deceased was 38 years of age, and the wife of W. S. Certain, who died but 13 days ago of lung disease at Merry Oaks. She was born and reared in Wake Co. A daughter of D. H. and E. Gardner, of New Hill. Her remains was taken to Merry Oaks and buried with her husband in the burying grounds at Christian Chapel. She leaves a father, 6 brothers and two sisters, many relatives and friends besides five little children to mourn their loss; the youngest, only 15 days old, at the death of its mother, the oldest, ten years of age who is expected to die with fever. Mr. Certain was a deacon of Christian Chapel church. He was a pious member, loved by all who knew him, a kind father and faithful husband. Mrs. Certain was a devout member of the Baptist church at Merry Oaks, a zealous wife and a good mother, and always met her brothers and sisters with a smile, and was beloved by all who knew her.

The relatives of the deceased return their thanks to the good and noble citizens in and around Sanford, for their hospitality and liberality towards the afflicted family; and also to Dr. J. Caviniss for his strict medical attention that he gave them. The family never will forget such good neighbors. B.

At the residence of her husband, near Shallow Ford church, Alamance county, N. C., Feb. 25th, 1892, Mrs. Margaret Michael, the devoted wife of Peter Michael of Shallow Ford Christian church, aged 68 years, 4 months and 2 days. Sister Michael had been afflicted for six months or more. In the time of her affliction the death angel came, and carried in advance of her some 8 weeks, her oldest daughter; leaving behind two other daughters, one son, a devoted husband, and many other relatives and friends, who weep because she has gone from us. God bless and sustain the bereaved family, give renewed energy to the surviving members of the church of which she was an exemplary member, and may her mantle fall on some one who will carry forward that part of the work in which she delighted to engage. On Friday, the 27th, she was brought to Shallow Ford church, where a large congregation of friends and relations assembled. Her funeral services were conducted, after which the lid of the beautiful coffin was removed, where the husband, children, relatives and many friends, took the

last lingering look upon that form now cold in death. Repairing to the cemetery her body was laid beside her daughter's to await the resurrection morn. Funeral services by C. A. BOONE.

The vicious and uncalled-for measure styled the "freedom of worship" bill is on hand again at Albany, after repeated defeats in former years. Stripped of its euphemistic wording, it is a scheme for setting up sectarian religious services in asylums, prisons and reformatories in place of the simple unsectarian services now held. The only sect that calls for it is the Roman Catholic.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Sweet Gum and Mullein is Nature's great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, consumption, and all throat and lung troubles.

For all derangements of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the speediest and most reliable remedy. Even in the advanced stages of Consumption, this wonderful preparation affords great relief, checks coughing, and induces sleep.

Clergymen, lawyers, public speakers, singers, and actors, all recognize the virtues of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One of our most eminent public men says: "It is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat, and lungs."

Wonderful Words of Life.

"By the river and upon the bank thereof—shall grow all trees—the fruit thereof shall be for meat and the leaf for medicine which shall be for the healing of the nation." Taylor's Cherokee remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein for coughs, colds and consumption.

JAS. I. JOHNSON,
(Successor to Lee & Johnson)

DRUGGIST

—AND—

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MANUFACTURER OF

"Anticephalgine,"

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**Bowels,
Liver,
Kidneys,
Inside Skin,
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Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

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DONALD KENNEDY,
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A HINT TO THE LADIES.

If you live within twenty-five miles of Franklin, Va., go to J. P. Gay's to buy your next bill. His extensive stock of FINE DRESS goods and TRIMMINGS, gingham, outings, FLOUNCINGS, HANDKERCHIEFS, hosiery, kid gloves, WHITE GOODS, SHOES, etc., is the subject of much talk for miles around and it continues to spread. Wedding and party outfits always on hand. Polite salesmen and low prices to greet you. It will pay you to go.

BROKEN DOWN men and women suffering from any form of CHRONIC DISEASE, can secure a valuable work, on their affliction (sealed) free, and learn how they can be cured at home, by writing Dr. Parker & Co., 340 N. Cherry St., Nashville, Tenn. Better write today delays are dangerous. Please state your trouble and how long afflicted.

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